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The Coming Of His Feet

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,
On the Temple's marble pavement on the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow falt'ring up the slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster-ails of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim,
Thro' the wond'ring throng with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds His Victor tread, with a music far and dim,
The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandalled not with shoes of silver, girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors sweet,
But white-winged, and shod with glory as in the Tabor light of old,
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, oh, my spirit! with His everlasting peace;
With His blessedness immortal and complete;
He Is Coming, oh, my spirit! and His coming brings release!
I am living for the coming of His feet.

... *Unknown*